

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XII. No. 18. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, FEB. 18, 1896. [SERGEANT R. BOWEN, Correspondent for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 2 CENTS.



AS IT OUGHT—AND AS WE HOPE IT WILL BE!

CHRISTIANITY (to Lord Salisbury and President Cleveland).—"Men and brethren, representing the Empire and the Republic, there is a better way to settle your disputes than by recourse to arms. Will you accept it?"
 SALISBURY AND CLEVELAND.—"We will!" (They break their swords, and shake hands).

Entrances to Business

**A Platform Talk by the Late
Mrs. General Booth.**

[illegible]

What prevents them doing this?

They say they jump to it as they would to a spring. They say something that holds them back, and they cannot make them spring. They try to do it—first they jump and cry, and then they jump and cry, and then they are nothing, and they come up again, and again, and again, to the entrance of the goodly land, and then they try to spring in. Some of you we know—do they grow great and strong, and then they are taken down, and then they come back; and yet are sometimes of it, but will not allow themselves to realize it. Now this is the point when they are in the place that passes.

When they are praying, and their hearts are shaken, I thought out what was written in that prayer—What does that mean? Why did the glory come? Why did I hear that voice? Why did I see that light? Why did I go down with God—so that they had to go down and could not help themselves, but went into the streets and looked at one upon the other, and said, "Why did I come?" Why do hundreds of assemblies of God's people meet and pray, but nothing comes? They hold long meetings, and make long prayers, and

"We are waiting for the fire", but nothing comes. Why did it come not just particularly because? Because in that prayer was thorough, sincere, everlasting self-denial, self-sacrifice, and the Holy Ghost alone knows when a soul arrives at that point. He will never come till the soul does arrive at that point. This is the deficiency. I am satisfied, with confidence, that they really, right on the borders of the Kingdom of God, there is some waste of gold, or Babylonian garments that they insist upon and.

They won't think about it. They say, "Oh, it is enough, enough! That little thing would not hurt me, so I will wear it." They are not aware that they know their own hearts, and

"There is before the Lord. If this be so, we will say here, you must dig it up," said the Holy Ghost, will answer come a lady. I don't know age, was brought up to the very edge of the ocean, but where was something else but the things to do. She had a sum of money which she felt ought to be given up to a certain object. She prayed and struggled, and attended prayer-meetings, and prayed long up to the night; but so, she would not find her deliverance. She said, "Oh

[illegible][illegible]

so that you may walk all day long "as seeing Him who is invisible." When you are tempted to indulge in something wrong — idleness, or carelessness, or selfishness — this will help you to give it up at once, and for-
make it: for how can you give way to it when your eye meets His? When something makes you afraid, this will make you brave and peaceful; for how can you fear anything when your God is so near? — Frances Ridley Havergal.

DIAMONDS

HOLINESS includes yieldedness.
Prayerlessness soon starves
spiritual vitality.
"Christ in you" is the secret of
holiness.
Mean tricks vanish when holiness is

Heaven means right doing all the time.

The Light does not shine in you so brightly when you indulge in doubtful actions.

Conquer withers when Christ rules the heart.

Meek and lowly in heart are the truly holy.

Unclaimed Wealth.

THREE children, heirs to little but a great deal of money, are in the street in upper New York by a policeman. He investigated their case and took them into court, where he told their story to the jury. He said that the mother of the three children, who were months ago was doing a prosperous business. He had saved up \$15,000, which was in a local bank. A year ago his wife acquired the habit of drinking to excess, and, after a long illness, died. He was left alone, but he gave way in despair. He became so miserable that he resolved to leave the neighborhood and go elsewhere. He wrote to the cashier of the bank, asking for a request to pay out the \$15,000 to be divided among the three children, who were then in the street. He was to receive \$5,000. In the meantime the interest was to be applied to their support. No one was to know that the father had made this provision for the children, and, as the mother had deserted them, they were turned into the street and left to starve. They were a pathetic creature, looking for the sympathy of Mr. Justice, who was sufficient for them. The children were most blameless because they did not know of the money, but the same offense cannot be charged against the mother, who was mightier than the law and would claim it. Helpless is yours—appropriate it.

A Song of Consecration

is Thy altar, God of Heaven,
Now I bend—oh, hear my plea:
I give back what Thou hast given
Give me life, my all, to Thee.

Instead of overcoming in God's way, they tried their own, and have perished, and only live to charge their sentence with the folly of such a course. The Lord's ship, manned by such a brave crew, sailing on the dangerous waves, sailing on the storm and wrath, and the spirits who have learned a wrinkle or two in this game, sailing, how to steer safe, and how to avoid the rocks, and how to have gained to the shore, and the backwaters, who relied the danger signal, got restored, and are now at home. Fifteen or more plunged in the front, and testified to a life of peace and victory for deliverance from fault and sin, and the joy of victory went up as that many who consecrated themselves to God. Grand Bank shall be grander than ever. Yes, we are shaking ourselves from obscurance, and rising. Hallelujah!

ON to Garnish. Lieut. Green and myself got a passage on a schooner, the skipper of which was a Boston Catholic, but himself and crew treated us very hospitably. May God bless and save him! Garnish complains who said right was without an enemy, are having victory, and are the devil's best agents has left him and set sail for Heaven. He is Sergt. Major Grandy's son. We had a beautiful meeting. At the close we had a short rally around the stove. So danger of the Army dying out here, to the Sergt-Major and her own. And they together in the unity of the Spirit.

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We arrived at the head of Bush Bay after a walk of 15 or 15 miles. The falling rain induced us to take shelter under the eaves of a house, then got the head of a dory and went for a yell of eight miles down the bay. We renounced our destination and merely wanted peace. Captain Cook and his men were as welcome, with something nice to eat, followed by a term at the fire, offered a change for the better. Bush's men were as good as the others, every one differing in appearance and scenery, and each of them can be met by men. There is a fine crowd of soldiers who love the Army. Military has to be the best.

Convention was held on Sunday night. A young woman, curious by her feelings, was taken out, and was the first to be taken out. The first form. She concluded a bowed day's fighting.

Lieut. Green and Comrade John Matthews piled the oars on the way back, doing eight miles in about one and a-half hours, landing us at Mrs. Nettie's, a friend and soldier here. After we ate and drank we started out for about a fifteen miles' - talk to our ship. We arrived here in time to take tea and prepare for meeting, where we had a nice time. Two children came to God and professed to be saved.

FRANK DAVE.

A Scotch Staff Wedding

**Ensigns Crichton and Rennie
United**

Another of these happy events has taken place in our ranks which brings joy and gladness to two hearts especially. I refer to the wedding of

Both officers are well known in Canada and Newfoundland. I am sure their many friends will be glad to learn that on December 28th they were united - for better or for worse, richer or poorer, in sickness and health - to fight for God and preserve Canada.

They will show every nation, and they have both been successful in getting the one thousand to fight. A prayer is that the one thousand be

Our comrades are travelling from Cantonese corps and district, and have orders to proceed to take charge of Grand Back corps and district. We are believing for a glorious winter of soul-saving in that part of the island.

Never fear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people fear three kinds of trouble have had, as they have more than three kinds.

As it Ought to be.

(Our Frontispiece.)

MAY our frontispiece soon see a fulfillment in fact. Peace, Christianity's daughter, with the radiant star of Hope glittering from her forehead and the dove of peace pressed to her heart, has already spoken from various sources to the great statesmen who stand at the helm of the British Empire and the Republic respectively. God grant that her messages may be heard.

At a meeting in Manchester, over which he presided, Night Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, was, in the first instance, an address said, as he was to deliver an address, that, if the Venetian dispute, it would have been indeed if the common sense of the Anglo-Saxon race was unable to settle any dispute without war. (Cheers.)

... War with the United States of America appeared to him as well, and would involve the universal annihilation of the human race, as the result of a civil war, which, with any nation, is a terror to be avoided at all costs except dishonor.

Mr. Balfour also said he trusted and believed the day would come when a better statement in the history of more fortunate nations than Monroe would stand as a doctrine between English-speaking peoples under which war would be impossible. (Cheers.)

At a conference of the International Arbitration League, held in London January 15th, under the presidency of Sir John Lubbock, a resolution was adopted advocating a pacific settlement of the difficulty between the United States and Great Britain over the Venezuelan boundary question and the establishment of a permanent tribunal of arbitration between England and the United States.

Mr. Norman, representing the London Daily Chronicle, recently personally interviewed every member of the United States Senate Committee on Foreign Relations with respect to the permanent pacific method for settling the disputes of the two peoples, with which every member expressed himself thoroughly in accord. We do hope and pray, therefore, although the issue is not yet settled, that there being no disposition on the part of Roosevelt to retreat from the position he first took, that the peace of the Motherland and the Republic will not be broken either by the Venezuelan

ITEMS FROM THE BROCKVILLE MAN.

During my first visit to PERTH was very pleased to see the change in the appearance of things all round. Three saved drunkards graced the platform. I also enrolled three recruits.

At KEMPVILLE a young man pro
posed to find mercy.
On Christmas and New Year's days
we conducted special meetings. On
Christmas night Daniel, Robert, and
Also May Squirrel were dedicated.
We have now four Squirrels and
Fox in BROCKVILLE corps. On New
Year afternoon a sister sought the
Lord.

At our out-post, ALGONQUIN, dedicated Mand Desmond Kirkby. MORRISBURG reports several sou- lately. Crowds are very good, fix- ames ditto.

We have launched our "Aggressive Covenant" in the District, and we are going in to do our very best for Go-

Also in the great War Cry Boom
Lord, help us to do our level best
this time!

JAMES McHARG, D.O.

We clip the following from Train
Home Sharps: God bless the Com-
mandant! Twinkler was one of his
boys in the old C. D. days. We used
to call him father. His welcome back
at Regent Hall was a tip-topper. He
looks at the dear boys and ladies on
the platform as though a wee bit sur-
prised. All the time, of course, he
was ready for anywhere. I wonder
if there is anything in it!

NUGGETS

DO YOU feel that you have lost your way? Then God Himself will show you your way. Are you utterly helpless, worn out body and mind? Then God's eternal love is ready and willing to help you up and revive you. Are you tormented with doubts and fears? Then God's eternal light is ready to show you your way; God's eternal peace is ready to give you peace. Do you feel yourself full of sin and faults? Then the heart, for God's unending grace will be to take away those sins, and purge you from those faults.—Ephesians

SOUTHERN DISTRICT, NEW BRITAIN

We have been passing through our usual tempo lately at Grand Bank, and it has been more than a "tempo in a tempo." If not yet entirely extinguished, there is abatement in the rage, and our good old salvation ship faces the waves still. No salvation sailors lost, who stuck to their duty and helped to man the bulwarks by staying aboard. They have the joy of victory. What else could be expected but that those who were lucky enough to plunge into the temperatures on Grand Bank and the

BEFORE you go downstairs, ask
Ours for said, "the end of the road."

(Our Frontispiece.)

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— JAMES MURRAY, D.O. —

We clip the following from Training Home Sharpshoot: God bless the Commandant! Twinkler was one of his lads in the old C. D. days. We used to call him father. He welcome home at Regent Hall was a tip-topper. He looks at the dear lads and janelas on the platform seemed a wee bit sugary. All the lads, of course, say they are ready for anywhere. I wonder if there is anything in it!



"EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."
(MY MOTTO)

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FROM

Thank God for the ring of thanks—see them under real deep conviction of

Thank God for the ring of thanksgiving that comes from every side. CAPTAIN THOMAS, of Port Arthur, concludes by saying: "As for myself, I want to tell you that above everything else in the world I praise God for my salvation, and for the privilege He has given me of fighting in the dear old Army. I have victory in my own soul and victory in the corps. TEN have sought and found salvation since Sunday week. We have a band of thorough good soldiers."

—//—
CAPTAIN AND MRS. GILLETTE, in Moscow, Idaho, write in the very same strain. "Praise God for victory in our own hearts and in the hearts of our comrades. Sinners are feeling God's Holy Spirit. Yesterday was a glorious time and five souls. Every soldier on the mountain-ton."

—//—
CAPTAIN COCKERILL, too, from quite another quarter, writes in his own characteristic style: "We are one with you under the flag. You can count on us as loyal soldiers of the Army. Our motto is SOULS — souls for Jesus! Eighteen have been saved since the new year.

—H—
CAPTAIN STATA'S testimony sounds the right note for victory. "I feel I can," she says, "from my deepest heart, say I love my dear Jesus, and our precious Army more than ever. I mean with God's help to be what A REAL SALVATIONIST ought to be. I love our Army, I love my work, and my whole desire is to live so that I may have an inheritance in yonder city that fadeth not away."

How much pure joy there is in the service of souls! "I LOVE IT HERE," repeats ENSIGN BERRY, recently arrived in Newfoundland from home, "I love it, and I believe God is going to give me the victory. I feel I am where He wants me. He shall have His way with me. I thank Him for the victory at St. John. N.B. I took back and feel truly God did help

me wonderfully. I left such a beautiful lot of former girls. They paid my fare themselves, and they got up a tea for me before I left. One girl gave me all her month's wages towards it. I told her not to do it, to keep some herself, she might need it. But no; she said she only wished it was twenty dollars! She was a thorough Iteema case, saved and doing all she can."

May the Lord help us all to be living sermons to the sinful. "God is helping and blessing us in the Home," writes ENSIGN HOLMEAN, of the City Slum Brigade. "We can see that while so many come in here under the influence of liquor, God is making them see themselves SINNERS, and helping us to walk before them that they can understand that IF THEY WILL there is a better way for them to live. I don't think we

have anything to complain of, or murmur about, nor that there is anything that we are in want of—except that we need ANOTHER OFFICER—one who would love this kind of toil. For such a one I could find almost any amount of work. In the Lord's time I do hope He will send some one along."

This Lord's time is NOW. But, alas, how many there are who hear His voice urging them to come to our help, and all the answer they can give is, "Lord, here am I, SEND SOME-BODY ELSE."

The following cheering note is from
 ADJUTANT STEWART, of the pros-
 perous Rescue Home at Parkdale:—
 "We have eighteen girls just now, and
 there is such a spirit of repentance
 amongst them. Thank God! I love to

see them under real deep conviction of sin. They don't forget it when they have accepted the Saviour. One Jesse this morning stood up with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged she had not been living up to the light she had, but she had given herself anew to God, and invited the rest to watch her in the future. As officers, we need more of the life of the Holy Spirit. I have consecrated myself anew to do all in my power for these around me."

Here comes word from away in the far Northwest. What numbers of bravely fighting, and yet almost hidden women warriors we have! MISS ADJUTANT RAWLINGS has reason to look back with interest to Toronto, seeing that it was here she commenced her new movement on "We are with you, SOUL AND BODY," she declares, "to push forward the Salvation war at your direction. We love the Army with the love of true soldiers. I believe we love it more for the sorrows through which it has been called to pass. I cannot do so much as I would, outside my own country, but the women (I say just now) will go to-day, but I cannot fight with you, to-day, but I can fight with you to-morrow. I believe I am helping me there, and we do want our dear little ones to be trained for God and the Army."

MRS. MAJOR JEWELL touches a string to which many a heart will vibrate, among the wives of our Staff Officers, whose husbands are of necessity sent away from them. Speaking again of the Lord, she says: "By the blessing of God, I was enabled to send him away from home with A STRONG HEART. I felt I did not want to make his cross any heavier by my groaning and complaining. Now I feel so thankful it was so. God is blessing me still in my soul, and there is such a deep, deep yearning after the Calvary Spirit, that shall enable me to be like those that weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice, and ever to seek the lost ones in sin."

In a faltering, unknown hand comes an envelope containing a neatly-written little handwritten, and a letter which reads: "Dear Mr. Booth, I am so much better." "Please accept this, from one who sincerely wishes you and yours a Happy New Year. It is from one who would be so glad to know how you are getting on." "I love you, Mr. Booth, from seeing your face in the War Cry. I wish you were where I could talk to you. I believe you can help me. I am so alone and lonely and never get a letter from your distressed soul you must get to D.D.S.B. There is worry, there is sorrow still for you. Look to the Lord, He will help you. I am so sorry that Jesus cannot come. One day, when you read this, pray your heart for me. I will be here. I will be here on your moment in prayer, that this sorrow-borne wanderer may find relief in the harbor of God's love and pardon."

Here is the testimony of CAPTAIN MARBLE, of the Crusaders. "I thought I was too far out west to have anyone in Toronto think of me," he writes, "I have been among the Cœur d'Alou Mountains since the beginning of December with the Crusaders. The hearts of the worldly people here are set upon the dollar, and it's quite hard to get them to think of anything else. The Lord is on the side, and He has enabled us to give them the Gospel of Truth, and all its results can only be known in eternity, though quite a number have sought and found pardon."

—H—
Oh, what an urgent need there is
on the road to soul-recovery, that we
should be willing to be shown where

we were wrong, and then to be deter-
mined not to rest until the weak
places are made strong by the power
of God. A dear Captain and Lieu-
tenant write as "Girls in the War." "We
see," they say, "where in the past
we have known defeat, and we have
GRIEVED over it, for we want to be
soul-winners, and WE WILL, by His
grace. In God we trust." Hallelujah.

1898 finds us praying and arranging for a **THREE MONTHS' CAM**

ing for **THREE MONTHS' CAMPAIGN** commencing in February. We have just come from a Staff Council held at Moncton. It is generally known that if you can move the Staff victory is sure to come.

ST. JOHN I.—Oh, yes! we are moving on at old No. 1. Sunday last was a good day. At night three souls sought mercy. We have every reason to believe for a revival at No. 1. **CAPT. KENWAY** and **LIEUT. SILLIG** have been working hard at No. 11, and having some souls. They say good-bye to No. 11 Sunday next.

FAIRVILLE, N.B.—CAPT. EMMA ALLAN and LIEUT. GOODWIN are fighting away at Carleton. There is deep sorrow just now over the Captain and Lieutenant being separated. Captain Emma Allan goes to Newfoundland, and Lieut. Goodwin goes, well, she will know soon.

HALLELUJAH WEDDINGS. — Ex-Captain Rafuse and Bro. Linton were united by Brigadier Scott a few weeks ago. A nice crowd attended the meeting.

CARLETON WEDDING.—Ex-Capt. Crossman and Bro. Wm. Smith, of Campbellton, were made one under the grand old S. A. colors on Christmas night.

FREDERICK, N. B.—I spent a very good Sunday here a short time ago. Captain informs me of a coming enrolment and re-commissioning of local officers and bandmen.

ME JOIN EM.

Our S.-D. effort this year was quite a success, notwithstanding the cry of

hard times and impending war. We were as usual anxious to do our very best, led on by our beloved Ensign. The first one was held in KENT VILLE on Thanksgiving Day, the Free-liverian church being kindly lent us by the Rev. W. P. Begg. There was quite a good audience, although a very cool evening. Then the Methodist church in CANNING was very kindly loaned by the pastor, Rev. J. M. Fisher, to whom the Army is indebted for many kind acts. The audience was a small one.

At DERWICK we had the pleasure of having the Methodist church loaned by the Rev. G. W. F. Glemmingen the Rev. Alex. Thistle kindly entertaining the English and doing all the work for the evening. During the 8th Week Oct. 11th collected \$14.17; Lent, Ritchie, \$6.50 Mrs. Rafuse, \$2.82; Mrs. Schofield, \$1.00 another comrade who walked out together 49 miles, \$12.90. Beside Roxey, too, who thought nothing of this work, walking ten miles, got \$9.64, and a few smaller amounts we finished the campaign. The Methodist minister, Mr. Kenville, Rev. T. E. Ackman, offered us his church after noon and evening of December 28th, and gave us the collection in the afternoon and a portion in the evening, and the help in helping us, and go forward believing for constant victory.—NIG-NAI.

I would like to add that we have had the pleasure of another visit from Essie Gait, accompanied by several musicians. Captain Floss Johnston, Cadet Bill Forsyth and T. M. Smith. One dear little girl very naively remarked, as they stepped on the platform, "They were prettier than any of the people around here."

We had a good meeting with one soul at the close. The next day the party left for WATERVILLE, where they had a beautiful meeting in the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Mr. Allen extending to us a standing invitation.

THE GENERAL'S Australasian Campaign.

(CONTINUED)

BRISBANE.
In continuation of his Brisbane visit the General spoke at a magnificent Social meeting in the opera house, packed from floor to ceiling.
The chair was taken by the Hon. the Colonial Treasurer (Mr. T. H. Thorne), and it is a coincidence worth noting that he, like so many of the General's chairmen on this tour, undertook the same duty four years ago.



H. FRASER, Esq., Mayor of Brisbane.

On rising to introduce the speaker of the evening, Mr. Thorne congratulated the General on his return to Queensland, and officially, as a member of the Government, heartily welcomed him to the Colony.

The General's address needs no description. Those who have heard the General will realize it better for than pen can tell; those who have never had that pleasure will form no conception anyhow.
At the conclusion of the speech, when after nearly two hours' rapid and emphatic talking, the General sat down exhausted, one realized the truth of a remark he had playfully made himself: "They call me an old man, but they call me like a young one."

The bustling day of Brisbane's demonstrations were devoted entirely to personal spiritual dealing. In the morning and afternoon, the officers sat under the thrilling advice and counsel of the General. The stream of God's grace flowed very deep.

At night, the soldiers and recruits joined with the officers and the evening meeting was a Heaven on earth. There were many soldiers present who had come from all about the coast up to a classroom and fifteen hundred miles away, even from Cooktown and Thursday Island, to see the General. Two hundred and fifty people publicly abused themselves before God in this Brisbane series, which the Pentecostian Sergeant, Major Graham, analyses as 110 for salvation and 140 for the higher spiritual life.



A Queensland Social Institute.

BUNDABERG.

(Population, 5,000; 200 miles or more north of Brisbane; one of the great sugar centres. It is of interest to us as being the town furthest north visited by the General on this tour, and also one of the three new places which were new ground to him.)

A day of fatiguing travel rendered more the less wearisome by the big business transacted on route, landed Bundaberg's great visitor and party at the local railway station somewhere near six o'clock.



THE GENERAL IN THE OPERA HOUSE

There was the imposing mayoral welcome, his Worship tendering the General words of cordial welcome, and speaking in strong appreciation of what he was pleased to call "the noble work" of the Salvation Army. The General replied in words which were a forecast of what was to follow, being driven off at length to the residence of Mr. Cran, a sugar magnate.

On Thursday the Queen's Theatre was densely packed. The chairman, Alderman McConville, in his opening remarks, claimed the General was no stranger, for he had been well and favorably known to Australia for many years past, and his name was a household word.

The way having thus been cleared, the General stepped forward and before he had spoken a dozen sentences the curiosity that wanted to see what sort of a man General Booth was had been thoroughly satisfied, and the audience settled down to good listening. They are not a very demonstrative people, and when the spirit did move them to applaud, they were in a strait betwixt two—whether to clap in keeping with the theatre, or about anon to match their blood-and-fire company. They eventually compromised by doing both.

MARYBOROUGH.

(A flourishing town of 12,000 people, with two Salvation Army corps actively at work.)

The Town Hall, engaged for the General's appearance, is a commodious structure, but was ridiculously inadequate for the need.

The Hon. A. H. Wilson, M.L.C., graced the chair and delivered an introductory address with almost an Army ring about it. He spoke to "soldiers and adherents of the great Salvation Army," and voted it superfluous that anyone should introduce "the greatest and best-known old man of the age."

The General was in more than usually good trim, and his wit struck fire at every good blow he delivered. He spoke fit from the south's anvil. The absence of an Army flag from the platform was a circumstance from which he extracted many a peasantry.

Alderman Bartholomew, the General's host, negotiated the role of thanks. He bore tribute to the Army's success in reducing the sin and misery around.

Maryborough was only privileged to hear the General once. He arrived just before his morning hour, and was met by a dense crowd, leaving for Gympie early next morning.

GYMPIE.

(While Maryborough is the port of the Wide Bay district, Gympie is its goldfield—the bank where the district keeps its money.)

The General's reception here took place at noon on Saturday, and the elation predicted was overruled by an enthusiastic shouting host of names and their friends. They would have done Mr. Brylawsky out of his welcome speech with little ceremony, and as to the rights and privileges of Mr. Smyth, M.L.A., the General's host—well, there was not a man there but felt he could make the grand old man quite as welcome, if not quite so comfortable.



W. H. GIBSON, Esq., M.L.A., who took the chair at the General's meeting at Gympie.

The Olympic Hall was the scene of Saturday night and Sunday's battles. Its capacity far exceeds the other recreational halls, but the General, according to the local press, filled it fuller than it had ever been; and as to Sunday night, not only was every inch of space monopolized, but the wide outside balconies were crowded also, and many hundreds were turned away from the doors. Mr. Brylawsky, the Mayor, who occupied the chair, said he liked the practical side of the Army's work.

In introducing his Social address, at Gympie, the General remarked, quite indignantly that it was his fifteenth heavy address for the week, besides countless interviews, and

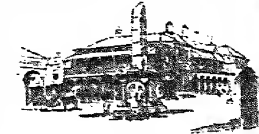
the transaction of much correspondence." Gympie people do not lack sharpness of wit; they applauded oftentimes before the General had got his point fairly out from his lips.
Sunday was a stormer. With the sun at 104 in the shade, and salvos of appeals at red-hot mark, the people who came to hear the General had a sense of it. The hall was densely packed at night, and many hundreds were turned away. It was a hard and stiff fight, but before eleven at night a halcyon wind-up celebrated the salvation of the 35th soul and the sanctification of the fifteenth.

IPSWICH.

(A flourishing town of a few thousand inhabitants, with the Salvation Army in full evidence.)

There was the General's last port of call in Queensland. The town was a fête. The School of Art was full, the doors before the General got there. The streets were thronged with thousands, who could not hope to enter the hall, and whose only hope of seeing the General was to obstruct the station platform.

As the train would not leave for the south till Tuesday evening, the General "indulged" in a day's meetings over and above the programmed allowance. They were hot-house meetings, and scores of soldiers and others claimed purity at the pentecost.



THE FOUNTAIN, TOOWOOMBA.

Salvation Newslets.

Mrs. Braunwell Booth is somewhat better.

Amsterdam will soon have a post man's hotel.

The last person that Colonel Barker prayed with in '95 was an ex-convict.
Major Joins, the G.R.M. man in England, has made up his mind to realize \$50,000 this year on behalf of the Social Scheme.

The Commandant led a very appropriate band at the Clifton Convalescent Hall. Twenty souls came to the cross March 16th.

Major Slater asserts that not only the history of the Salvation Army is written shall we fully realize what we owe to the production, stamp, and labors of the General's youngest son, and our greatest mascot.

Norway is having a special watch campaign. January will be devoted to candidates; February to the restoration of backsliders; March to a great raid upon sinners; and April to the making of soldiers.

A new hall has just been opened at Newcastle, holding 800 people.

During 1895 Brigadier Miles has seen 203 sinners at the pentecost in his meetings in addition to still greater numbers of children.

Major Reynolds of London Rescue Staff, pays a flying visit to Amsterdam, where she will inspect the new Salvation Army Hospital.

Major Stanley Brown, whose appointment to Madrid was announced before Christmas, is, probably, taking on English command shortly.

The Commandant, in company with Colonel Reeves, inspected the Trade Department, England, recently. He was greatly impressed by the variety and intensity of the various department.

Major Harding was compelled to journey to Harwich with the Commandant to secure an "interview." It was the only unsuccessful hour of the Commandant's day.

We heartily congratulate our own comrades upon their late Ocean March. With all the energy of his fiery nature, Brigadier Miles shall have thrown himself into the effort, with what success the total of 470 sinners gaining shows.



Brisbane, from Convent Hill.

The -
AN ENTHUSIA

A Vigorous and
Address

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THE COMMANDANT
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The - Commandant - in - Britain!

AN ENTHUSIASTIC AND DEMONSTRATIVE RECEPTION.

A Vigorous and Humorous Address.

A CORDED, OVERFLOWING, AND ELECTRIC RINK.

THE COMMANDANT took Regent Hall by storm last Monday night.

I have seen larger crowds at an S. A. demonstration, but never in the same place. The historic Rink seats over 2,200 people—to-night it must have contained 2,700. I have seen bigger crowds turned away from a hall, when the General has been in command, but never so early as six o'clock. The hall was gorged by that time; in fact, scores of people were hovering round the iron gates at four p.m., some having come twenty, thirty, and one or two fifty miles, just to say "halloohay" for the Commandant.

I have seen exhibitions of enthusiasm under almost every degree of human feeling; but for free, loose, eye-speaking manifestations of unadulterated affection, the scene in Regent Hall—when the Commandant wedged his way on to the platform, accompanied by his sister (the Field Commissioner), Commissioner Howard, Commissioner Carleton, Commissioner Kallion, Colonel Bremner, Colonel Nicol, Colonel Higgins, and a crowd of prominent Staff-officers—would take more than a pen or portrait artist to describe.

The I.H.Q. Band was perched on the shelf; the Rinkers' Band on the platform; and the Cadets' Band behind the Commandant's chair. Across the north-end facing of the gallery was a huge lottering, "Welcome, Commandant!" Behind, and forming a canopy to the entire assemblage, was the mammoth water-color painting of the Farm Colony, the work of Treasurer Morell.

Old soldiers of the Commandant's—now officers; and old E. O.'s—how full-throated shouts to cheer at the signal of approval, and with the fine array of International, Trade, Home Office, Legation and Social Staff to bleed the exuberant galaxy referred to—the noise was like that of a dozen cataracts shown into one.

It was a proud moment for the Commandant, do you think? I grant it, most certainly. Tears rose in his eyes. His lips trembled. His frame, like as even was under the spell of strong emotion, and we could plainly see that the cataract was unexpected and too much for him. But it was only for a moment. He was caught in the whirl, and he danced with the British Commissioner, kissed his sister, saluted everybody fifty times, and then sank!

But it was a proud moment for the International, and British Staff and London soldiers. We in England are jealous for the reputation of our comrades and the cause in other lands. For months our beloved officers at their head, have been under the cloud of cruel misrepresentation. The cloud burst mainly upon their leader's head. We have calmly and prayerfully awaited the final stage in the passing away of the cloud. And it has passed away. The effect has been a great and lasting compensation. The Commandant, by his demonstration and upright conduct, his clear-cut, well-defined Salvationism, has called forth the finest feelings of our nature. He has been faithful even to

heroin in his troth to the flag. He has been patient when his motives have been impugned, and wise and generous in the hour of victory. We like fighting of this description, and we do not care to disguise it, so that when the Commandant's smiling countenance met ours we let go. It was the hour of ours as well as his release. We believed in him more than ever. Our confidence has been mightily strengthened.

After the cataract came the flowing tide. The meeting went forward without a hitch. We sang the old war song with the chorus, "Victory for me!"

The eagerness to hear the Commandant was manifest from the beginning, and as he stood up at length, the entire house rose and repeated the demonstration of a few minutes before. The Commandant, who looks decidedly fresher in tone and freer of speech, was deeply touched.

THE COMMANDANT'S ADDRESS.

On a certain memorable occasion, began the Commandant, he met a certain editor—no less a personage than Colonel Nicol—in the city of Toronto, and asked him at a similar critical moment to the present, "What am I to say?" The "Scotch" reply was characteristic. "Oh, it is very simple—just let it out!" The Commandant replied, "That is all very well, but it is not so easy to let Niagara out through a six-inch pipe!" In the face of this difficulty, we really must congratulate the Commandant, for Niagara poured forth its impetuous waters for something like two solid hours, and the sparkle thereof dimmed not!

"Under the same old flag, on board the same old ship, and, thank God, we haven't landed in the belly of a shark!" was the pithy introduction to his old-time associates which our honored visitor made, in the same breath confessing—American as he was—that the half of the beauty, affectionate, and where welcome awaiting him on this side had never been told. Stimulated by this cheer-up visit, he would the more cheerfully spend and be spent in God's service. He had been telling his people in Canada that we who were inside the ranks of the Salvation Army ought, of all folks, to cheer one another up. There were plenty of kicks and blows, scandal and false rumors at us from without surely we could

SMILE AT EACH OTHER

when we met! There was a limited class of people, some of whom were soldiers—no! They must excuse him, but he always was in the dangerous habit of saying straight things. (Laughter.) Some were officers, and even more than officers, who were always telling us, "I don't believe in saying this, that and the other—I believe in acting." "Well now," said the Commandant, "I am one of those who believe in saying it, and acting it, too!" a rally which entirely commended itself to the delighted audience.

What is it that makes people stiff and cold-are, even in the case of comrades in the Army—when they meet after an interval of time? It is

THE SPIRIT OF THE DEVIL,

of pride, of disunion, of self, which gets into them. God keep that spirit out, and then, wherever, come we meet in, be it India, Africa, Australia,



America, or that host of all countries, the Dominion of Canada—good gracious me! I left one country out—England (much laughter)—we shan't be strangers to those parts. Glory be to God! Now, reader, you have a sample of the delicious mixture of this sparkling speech.

His Battleground.

Right eloquently did the Commandant then proceed to initiate us into the material charms of his battleground, the "great country from which I come." Most strenuously did he resent even a suspicion of swag-gery, for he was not just the man who had a steam yacht on the Mississippi with such a big whistle that every time it was blown he had to stop his boat to get up steam again! ("Oh!" and laughter.) There was a good application even to that story—some people were all whistle and no "go." His immensity—ten days by train and steamboat, running day and night, to get to the extremes of his territory; its climate, of which there are four different specimens, disproving the vulgar supposition that it is an abode of ice and snow only, a place where, if you happen to be a little loose in the nostrils,

THEY WOULD IMMEDIATELY FREEZE UP.

so that you could hardly blow your nose again for six months, or where, if you happen to be weeping and shut your eyes, they would freeze up! Canada's wealth of grain—sixteen miles straight off of unbroken wheat fields, with grass up to the saddle-girths, which the horse can pick with unaided head, and its unlimited mineral resources! This, this was Canada! It was best right to report that at this juncture the speaker looked waggishly at Commissioner Howard and said, "You can see my aim is all this—I have got my eye on a good few emigrants!" He spoke approvingly, too, of the Commission of Enquiry, which last autumn the General sent out to the Northwest, and expressed his belief that our leader's hopes and prayers for going to the Overseas Colony were bound to find fulfillment in some measure, if not entirely, in that beautiful country.

And the Battle.

The Battle! Ah, hearts bent quick-er at the recital over this head. "Glorious to God!" again escaped the Commandant's lips at the very commencement, for once more it had come to pass—but he must bring another of his inexhaustible stock of stories to bear on the point. It was a Dutchman—and they would remember that his own heart was "cooked" in a "Dutch" oven. (Laughter.) This was how it was: "I was walking wandering through the world bewailing, 'I had lost my boy, my dear boy, and I wander about the world looking for him.' And then the Dutchman went on to relate: 'I was walking through the streets of New York, and thought I saw my boy, and I says to myself, 'Now, is that my boy?' I says, 'I think it is, but I not quite sure.' And I go closer to him and say, 'Yes, it is!' He look at me, and I look at him. Then I go nearer to him, and he come nearer to me. I say, 'My dear boy!' He say, 'My dear father!' And then I put my arms right round him, and—'it wasn't him!'"

Mrs. Herbert's Love.

Half the anxieties and anguish the Commandant had suffered had never come to pass. The devil had come to him in the night sometimes and shown him himself inside out and laughing on a gibbet; he had let him see his dear wife—and he wouldn't "swop" her for all the women in creation. (House of laughter.) She sent her love to her English comrades, and her thanks and wishes, and had often sung the sweeter when she remembered the prayers and kindnesses of those she was privileged to know during the time she was in the British Fleet. (Cheers.) But to return to the application of the story, hadn't we all been guilty of doing the same thing, of looking at something and saying, "Yes, it is going to destroy me!" and we have put the arms of our soul and of our anguish round it by night and by day, and have been in danger of letting go of God and of our work at the very moment we ought to hold on tightest, and then we wake up one morning and say, "It isn't it! Glory be to God! which the audience re-echoed."

Difficulties.

The first difficulty they had to deal with in Canada was disunion. That was Satan's masterpiece; and of all the foes which could conspire the blood of a Salvationist, and dry up the fountain of his soul, the Commandant knew of none so able. Disunion was the cruelest thing that the devil ever brought about on God's earth, whether it existed in a territory or in a corps; the wage of wages which the evil one drove in between pure hearts, and true spirits, and brave souls, and valiant soldiers, and by which he made the very strength which was the consequence of their unity into the weakness which was the consequence of their disunion. Hold onto your love for each other! Like the wife who, when her bankrupt husband came home and said, "My dear, everything is in the hands of the Sheriff," asked, "Is the Sheriff going to sell you and me?" "No, no!" "Then my dear, we have got each other's love, and help, and tears. Can't we put our shoulders together and make our way up again?" (Applause.) Oh, my dear comrades, exclaimed the Commandant, "read your own history, the history of the Army. What does it show? That there must be times of stress and storm. But if, in these hours, we can take to each other and say, 'Is my love for you, and your love for me, in the hands of the Sheriff?' (loud cries of "No!") then let all the world come on!" (Deafening volleys.)

For the first twelve months financial difficulties and depression had to be faced. Both were, however, at length mastered; the first by the work having become just self-supporting—(volley)—and the second by unlaying their hearts from the willows; "for," said Mr. Herbert, "we must stand for hope, for progress, for a new thing!" With the same he pronounced and exhibited his latest—Social sack, into which the Canadian farmers are to be invited to put their tithe of produce in aid of the Army's missions. "The most sorrowful of all difficulties," touched a tender chord in the big meeting, especially in the case of those who personally knew the late Staff-Capt. Agnes Jones. "Never could it be laid to her charge," said the Commandant, in a generous tribute to her memory, "that she had failed in one job or little of her duties as a loyal member of the Salvation Army." (Volleys.) He was the one to feel the last pressure which she ever put upon any human hand, and to hear the last words she spoke on earth—

WORDS OF VICTORY AND LOVE TO HER OLD COMRADES

in this country especially. "We carried the corpse of that beautiful girl," he said, "up the main street of that city, where she had fought so many battles, and laid her to rest with hearts all beat broken." A few weeks before, the feet of their beloved Canadian comrade, Major Jowett, touched the Golden Pave.

At the same time the Commandant did not fail to collect the devotion of some of his chief officers, notably Colonel Holland and Brigadier Jacobson. In the most trying hour these comrades had stood stoutly by him and

the transaction of much correspondence. "Gympie people do not lack sharpness of wit; they appreciate oftentimes before the General had got his point fairly out from his lips." Sunday was a scorcher. With the sun at 104 in the shade, the people who came to hear the General had a fine of it. The hall was densely packed at night, and many hundreds were turned away. It was a hard and stiff fight, but before dawn at night a hallooah wind-up celebrated the salvation of the 56th and the sanctification of the fifteenth.

IPSWICH.

(A flourishing town of a few thousand inhabitants, with the Salvation Army in full evidence.)

This was the General's last port of call in Queensland. The town was in fête. The School of Art was full to the doors before the General got there. The streets were thronged with thousands, who could not hope to enter the hall, and whose only hope of seeing the General was to obstruct the station platform.

As the train would not leave for the south till Tuesday evening, the General indulged "in a day's meetings over and above the programmed allowance. They were hellish meetings, and scores of soldiers and others claimed purity at the penitential-form.



THE FOUNTAIN, TORONTO.

Salvation Newslets.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth is somewhat better.

Amsterdam will soon have a poor man's Hotel.

The last person that Colonel Barker prayed with in '95 was an ex-jailbird.

Major Jolliffe, the G.B.M. man in England, has made up his mind to realize \$50,000 this year on behalf of the Social Scheme.

The Commandant had a very splendid-end at the Clapton Congress Hall. Twenty souls came to the cross.

A great welcome demonstration to the General takes place in London on March 18th.

Major Slater asserts that not until the history of the Salvation Army is written shall we fully realize what we owe to the productions, example, and labors of the General's youngest son, and our greatest musician.

Norway is having a special winter's campaign. January will be devoted to cardinals; February to the restoration of backsliders; March to a great rail upon sinners; and April to the making of soldiers.

A new hall has just been opened at Newcastle, holding 800 people.

During 1895 Brigadier Miles had seen 903 adults at the penitential-form in his meetings in addition to still greater numbers of children.

Major Reynolds, of London Rescue Staff, pays a flying visit to Amsterdam, where she will inspect the new Salvation Army Hospital.

Major Stanley Evans, whose appointment to Madrid was cancelled before Christmas, is, probably, taking an English command shortly.

The Commandant, in company with Colonel Bremner, inspected the Trade Department, England, recently. He was greatly impressed by the variety and immensity of the various departments.

Major Harding was compelled to journey to Harwich with the Commandant to secure an "interview." It was the only unoccupied hour at the Commandant's disposal.

We heartily congratulate our Chief Commander upon their late Boston March. With all the energy of his fiery nature, Brigadier Miss Bland has thrown himself into the effort, with what success the total of 470 replies shows.

the flag! God bless them! (Hearty rollovers.)

Then the Commandant related the story of our recent legal victory in the law courts here, "racy, but verily fair," and a contemporary puts it, concluding with the following statistics:

It was a truly wonderful and inspiring meeting, and one which we hope our Canadian comrades will recognize has meant as much a greeting to them as a welcome to their Commissioner. From the English War Cry.



THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the education of the lost and salvation of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places. Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

HOME AGAIN!

THE COMMANDANT has returned from his voyage across the ocean. We welcome him back most heartily. Although the time of his absence and the distance geographically have been less than on some of the long tours taken within the borders of his own Territory, the fact of the Atlantic rolling between our leader and us caused amongst us all a consciousness of his absence which would not otherwise have existed. We therefore say with increased warmth and emphasis, "Welcome Home."

HERO OF THE HOUR.

THE COMMANDANT has been the hero of the hour. We partially reproduce a very lengthy report from the English Cry, which tells, in the most glowing terms, of a very extraordinary reception given the Commandant by the Britishers, in some respects not surpassed even by the General's big time there. To say this is to gauge the wave of British warmth of welcome higher than high water mark, and no more can be said. This welcome, our British contemporary hopes, will be received by the Army here as a greeting for them as much as a welcome to their Commissioner.

Thanks, John Bull, we duly appreciate your greeting, and wonder why, with such easy transit and brief a journey, some of you don't visit us. Come and give us a chance to welcome you, and see how we will respond.

TO ADVANCE.

"A SWEEPING ADVANCE" was the keynote from the Commandant on his return. As soon as he put his feet on American soil the wires flashed this message to each Provincial Secretary. The message went just in time to put the last fight on the fire of enthusiasm, engendered by the prospect of the approaching big War Cry Boom, and the Boom effort will be the first response of the War to the Commandant's message from New York.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH, who knows as the Chief Officer in the magnificent Women's Rescue work the Army carries on in Britain, has had a very serious illness, and it appeared at one time as if the end would be fatal. Latest medical report, however, we are glad to say, is a favorable turn in affairs.

The time has been one of supreme trial to the Chief of the Staff. From the sick chamber of his wife he sent a most solemn and touching message to the 8,000 persons assembled at the watch-night service in Clapton Congreg. Hall. Parts of it ran thus:—"For a week I have been standing beside my dear wife, very near to the borders of the Eternal world. In God's great goodness she is yet spared to The Army, and to my precious children, and to me. It is the crowning Mercy of a year which has been to me a year of boundless Mercy."

"In the presence of great sorrow,

and, above all, in the presence of death, there is nothing can avail but the present and abiding assurance of personal salvation. All hopes, all friendships, all riches, all consolations, all, all, all earth ever had, or ever can have, without the inward certainty which says 'I know I am saved,' are nothing!"

We tender the Chief of the Staff the sincere sympathy of this wing of the Salvation Army, and assurances of our love and prayers. May Mrs. Bramwell Booth long be spared to direct that most Christ-like work which has brought life and hope to so many dark hearts.

State Talk.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is appealing for candidates for Sinn work, while the Commandant calls for 1,000 officers for the field.

Now ground.—Atchison and Leavenworth, Kan., Albany and Eugene, Ore., and Philadelphia 12, 14, 15 and 16 are all now opening.

A man has been saved at Ocean, N. Y., who made it his business some time ago to hire hoodlums to disturb the Army meetings.

Promotions.—Ensigns Aldright, Blackhurst and Herron are now Adjutants, while Captain Blackburn, of the Trade, and Captain Pannison, of the Swedish work, become Ensigns.

Farewells.—Major Morton, Northern Pacific Division, and Staff-Captain Gifford, of Southern Michigan, have got farewell orders.

A German camp will be opened in San Francisco about the beginning of February.

The Commandant has just conducted the Annual Swedish Congress. There can be no question about the future prosperity of this branch.

The Telegraph boys of the "Frisco District Telegraph Company" took up a collection among themselves, and forwarded the same to the Army to help in providing a Christmas dinner for the poor.

At the watch-night service in the Bowery corps, 132 souls knelt at the penitential form in a glorious outbreak of salvation.

Mrs. Major Halpin, the wife of the editor of the Pacific Coast War Cry, has been appointed Junior Soldier Staff Secretary for the Pacific Coast Division.

The Army in Detroit, Mich., gave a splendid Christmas dinner to 1,000 of the poorest in that city.

The case against Ensign Lamb and Captain Roberts at New Bedford, Mass., was dismissed.



"Move on!"

LONDON.—The policeman told us to move on, Monday night. He's behind the times. We're always been moving on, and always will be. Treasurer Mason was with us with his kit of musical instruments and his far-reaching voice, which seems to have no end to it. He's the man to get a move on! Sunday night two ladies got saved. One who lives twelve miles in the country returned next night to give God the glory. That's another move on. May God keep us ever moving on. Amen.—Lieut. G. B., for Ensign Richardson.

The Very Latest.

THE Commandant's Welcome AND Announced Farewell!

The Commandant had welcome tea and meeting at Parkside House on his return from visit to International Headquarters.

A full complement of officers in and around Territorial Centre was present.

Commandant received tremendous ovation, enthusiasm ran high, recital of his doings in England, the white-hot welcome he received there, and British message of love to Salvationists of this Territory elicited tremendous appreciative applause.

At the conclusion of his address, the Commandant announced his farewell. He was most deeply moved, and at one time his voice choked with tears and he could not proceed. He declared no spot on earth was so dear to him as this. Nevertheless, in view of the large number of Territorial changes taking place in April next, it was necessary, in the world-wide interests of the Army, he should carry out the General's wish to relinquish his command here and place himself at the disposal of International Headquarters.

He and Mrs. Booth did this with deep grief, but firm in purpose to stand by principles of the Army. He solemnly called upon all his officers to do the same. The announcement came like a thunder-clap on the minds of officers. Heartily welcomed, deepest concern was manifested everywhere. One after another rose to speak of the Commandant and Mrs. Booth in the most loving and grief-stricken terms. Tears rolled down many cheeks, and stopped the utterance of some, while all were very intensely moved.

Everyone acknowledged the loss to Canada, and regretted the necessity of the farewell just when our leaders had fought their way through the difficulties and have a clear course to victory before them; nevertheless, one and all declared most decisively that they would stand by the Army's principles, and in leaving, with the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, the fullest confidence in their beloved General, and while loving our present leaders none the less, would yield a similar affectionate service to whoever International Headquarters should send as Commissioners here.

The meeting dispersed between 11 and 12 p.m., profoundly subdued, but determined to make the Commandant's last three months here a triumphant finale.

Headquarters' Crisplets

THE COMMANDANT arrived on Sunday, Jan. 10th. Look out for report of his welcome meeting on the 20th at the Parkside House.

The twenty-sixth of the month! Talk about a Red Letter Day! A right royal Canadian welcome is worth waiting miles to see.

Staff Capt. Hargrave has been duly installed as chief assistant to the C. O. P.

Ensign Hughes has arrived from Fargo, N. D., and takes charge of the Harmonic Hurricanes.

Captain J. Barr has been appointed G. B. M. agent for the Pacific Province. He set sail on the 20th of January.

Adjutant Mages has arrived in the city. What will be his next appointment?

Captain Mountney has gone off for a G. B. M. tour around the Owen Sound district.

Ensign Ritchie is preparing statistics etc. for the J. Q. war.

The redoubtable and only Mattie has taken charge of Colours district.

The latest English Cry publishes works and music of the Commandant's song, "Over and over again." This song appeared in our Cry on Dec. 2nd.

The music of the song on page 11 is by Major Halpin, editor of the San Francisco Cry.

Rev. Dr. Wilson.

"How are you? I suppose you don't know me, but I know you." The speaker was a tall, soberly dressed gentleman of about 40. He made the above remark just after alighting from an incoming train at the Union Depot, then he advanced to me and shook hands. It was Rev. Dr. Wilson, of the Evangelical Alliance, New York. The Rev. gentleman engaged most warmly after the Commandant, expressed great sympathy for him in the many difficulties and trials during his administration here, especially deprecating the action of those who had forced the Army into the law courts. The Dr. referred to his "our Commissioner" from the U. S. A., and to the fact that "the Army saved me twelve years ago. I like everybody know that," also adding that he has a daughter in the Army work, who is now stationed in Yorkville, England.

It was evident from Dr. Wilson's manner that he is out-and-out in favor of the Salvation Army. God bless him and his work.

The Hamilton Times of January 14 says:—"This week's issue of the War Cry contains a fine portrait of Mr. Andrew Provost, treasurer of the Hamilton corps, together with a column account of his life. As Treasurer of the Hamilton corps, he has been very successful in raising funds for the new barracks and shelter, having already secured \$500, which he intends increasing to \$1,000."

"Safe here. Affectionate greeting. Now for a sweeping advance. Commandant! This was the Commandant's message to Major Howell on sailing at New York. The Major wired back: "Central Province warmly greets you. Advance we must!"

THE LATEST!

FAREWELL!

In connection with the almost universal change of Territorial leaders, Commander Ballington Booth has received orders from International Headquarters, London, Eng., to farewell from his charge in the United States. His actual departure will probably not take place for some months.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH is now out of danger, but very much exhausted.

UNITED STATES.

More War Prospects—A Big Call

Commander Ballington Booth has issued a call throughout all his territory for an enlistment of 10,000 soldiers into the ranks of prospective officers.

NEW EXPEDITION FOR COMMISSIONER POLLARD

The O. S. C.

On the arrival of the General at Columbia, telegrams awaited him in answer to several enquiries which he set on foot when in Western Australia. These must have been of a gratifying nature, for Commissioner Pollard was at once commanded by the General to return and follow these up. They read that he had been made to the General regarding the Over-Sea Colony. Commissioner Pollard proceeded by the next steamer to Albany, West Australia.

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A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT!

The Commandant Mrs. Booth to Farewell.

AN IMPORTANT DECLARATION.

To the Officers, Soldiers, and Friends of the Salvation Army.

BELOVED COMRADES AND FRIENDS,—

As loyal and obedient Salvationists, it is now our duty to inform you that it is the wish of our beloved General that we should relinquish our present command, at about the end of April next. We shall, accordingly, proceed at once with our farewell arrangements. It is unnecessary to say that we shall feel most acutely parting from you all. No comradeship is, or could be, more unspeakably precious to us than that which, like yours, has proved its fidelity in the very surest way. We have trusted, loved, and served each other when circumstances have placed the utmost strain upon our fellowship. We have clung to each other in the storm, and gone bail for one another's integrity when the devil and his agents have done their best to cover us with shame. Love so wrought in the furnace, is strong indeed; comradeship so welded in affliction, will make the parting keenly felt. We should, too, have rejoiced more than we can say, had it been the Lord's way for us, to have lingered amongst you till the better development of our plans would have enabled us to see the further conquests upon which we have so set our hearts. For the victories *behind* we praise God, but there is a special sense in which just now the night is past, and the day of greater triumph is dawning, we should have rejoiced in experiencing with you its sunshine. After standing together so long, in patient resistance of a common foe, it would have cheered us to share the enthusiasm of the all-conquering "charge."

It was in the hope of carrying the judgment of International Headquarters upon this matter that I laid the facts fully before them when in London, and asked them that, if possible, our stay might be lengthened. I found, however, that it was in the highest interest of the universal Army that a large number of territorial changes should take place at the present time, and that mine must necessarily be among them. That being so, I had nothing to say, but that the welfare of the entire Army must be considered, and we would be the first to obey the call, so often given, to sacrifice and duty, by the lips of our God-honored General.

We shall look forward to other opportunities, which will, God willing, be given us of exchanging farewell salutes, when we meet face to face.

Now let us remember that God is our great Leader, and that earthly directors are only of use so far as they bind our hearts to Him. The true test of all spiritual leadership lies in its ability to assist the souls of those who follow to *still follow on* when the human aid is withdrawn. Certainly it is right we should follow the lead of those who are set over us in the Lord, and it is only fidelity which clings to that which is loved and feels the miss of it when gone, but as it was with the Master, so it is in a sense with His shepherds, "It is necessary they should go," in order that the flock may be reminded that it is to the Holy Ghost, after all, they must look for help that delivers, and for power which keeps.

In conclusion, we would say most earnestly, that should any comrade desire to express his or her appreciation for any small service we have rendered the Army or themselves, there is one way above all others in which they can do so. We would ask you to pledge yourselves to a whole-hearted effort for advancing the Army during the last three months of our stay, and to accept with unswerving loyalty, fidelity and obedience the wishes of our beloved General, who must know what is best for the Entire Army. Be determined to do nothing either in word or deed that would burden your mind with any responsibilities that do not belong to you, but go on with your work of saving souls and bringing in the Kingdom of Christ.

With sincere love and hearty appreciation of all your affection and fidelity.

We are, beloved comrades,

Yours for God and the Army,

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
CORNELIE BOOTH.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Jan. 20th, 1896.

A LOYAL TRIBUTE.

The Officers reply to the Commandant's Farewell Announcement.

Jan. 20th, 1896.

TO COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH.

DEARLY BELOVED LEADERS:
We have heard with profound sorrow the announcement of your farewell from the command of the Canadian Wing of the Army. You will not think us guilty of flattery when we say that we have learned to regard you with an affection that can only be won by love itself, and a respect which is always and only the reciprocation of ability. Both of these gifts you have displayed in a marked degree in the development of our work, and in the strengthening of the bonds of unity and concord. When we remember the difficulties by which we were surrounded at the commencement of your term of office, the discord among a certain set of Officers, as well as the shattered state of our finances, our hearts are filled with grateful praise at the marvellous change which, under the blessing of God, has been wrought.

We take pleasure in saying what a feeling of delicacy only has prevented our saying before, that your loyalty and faithfulness to Army principles, your able, fearless and disinterested service, have made a deep and lasting impression upon our hearts and minds. The thought of parting with you is a deep source of grief and regret to us. Nevertheless, we are aware that in the natural order of things changes of leadership must come, and like loyal soldiers we must resign ourselves to what are sometimes the stern demands of the war, whether they bring comfort or sorrow. We trust and believe that others will gain from what to us is we believe a great loss, and from that fact we take courage and consolation.

Be assured that your going will not cause our zeal to slacken, nor our energy to lag. On the other hand, we shall do what we know you will appreciate far more than any personal praise or commendation: we shall rally round and support your successor, whomsoever God and our dear General may see fit to appoint over us, exhibiting the same whole-hearted co-operation—however feebly—in which we have endeavored to serve you, and if in so doing the War is progressed and God's kingdom extended, we shall feel well and amply rewarded.

Eagerly praying that oceans of blessing and many long years of happy prosperity may be yours.

Your loyal and affectionate officers,
(Signed) THOMAS HOLLAND, Colonel. JOSEPH STREETON, Major.
C. T. JACOBS, Inspector. THOS. COLLIER.
JOHN CORRIE, Major. ARTHUR SKEETON, Staff Capt.
JOHN READ, " J. M. C. HORN, "
THOS. HOWELL, " ALEX. McNILLAN, "

This letter was read in an Officers' Council at Toronto and unanimously approved of and signed afterwards by all the assembled Officers, about one hundred in number.

Edwin Ritchie is preparing some statistics etc., for the 3. 4. 1. 2.

The reliable and only Blackman has taken charge of Cobourg district.

The latest English Cry publishes words and music of the Commandant's song, "Over and over again." This song appeared in our Cry on Dec 21st.

The music of the song on page 11 is by Major Hulpin, editor of the San Francisco Cry.

Rev. Dr. Wilson.

"How are you? I suppose you don't know me, but I know you." The speaker was a tall, soberly dressed gentleman of about 40. He made the above remark just after alighting from an incoming train at the Union depot, then he advanced to me and shook hands. It was Rev. Dr. Wilson, of the Evangelical Alliance, New York. The Rev. gentleman expressed great sympathy for him in the many difficulties and trials during his administration here, especially deprecating the action of those who had forced the Army into the law court. The Dr. referred to his "our Commander" from the U.S. and to the fact that "the Army loved me twice years ago. I let everybody know that," also adding that he has a daughter in the Army work, who is now stationed in York, England.

It was evident from Dr. Wilson's manner that he is out-and-out in favor of the Salvation Army. God bless him and his work.

The Hamilton Times of January 10 says: "This week's issue of the War Cry contains a fine portrait of Mr. Alonzo Provost, Treasurer of the Union Corps, together with an account of his life. As Treasurer of the Hamilton Corps, he has been successful in raising funds for the barracks and shelter, having already secured \$3000, which he intends raising to \$10,000."

Safe here. Affectionate greeting. w for a sweeping advance. Commandant. This was the Commandant's message to Major Howell on his return at New York. The Major had been at "Central Province war-groats (you). Advance we must."

THE LATEST!

FAREWELL!

In connection with the almost annual change of Territorial leaders, Commander Ballington Booth has received orders from International Headquarters, London, Eng., to farewell his charge in the United States. His actual departure will probably not take place for some time.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH is now of danger, but very much excited.

UNITED STATES.

War Prospects—A Big Call.

Commander Ballington Booth has issued a call throughout all his territory for an enlistment of 1000 soldiers in the ranks of prospective officers.

NEW EXPEDITION FOR COMMISSIONER POLLARD

The O.S.C.

The arrival of the General at Albany, West Australia, has been a great event. He has been awaited here for several enquiries which he has made in Western Australia. He must have been of a great nature, for Commissioner Pollard has at once commanded by him to return and follow them up. He has also been of a great nature, for Commissioner Pollard has at once commanded by him to return and follow them up. He has also been of a great nature, for Commissioner Pollard has at once commanded by him to return and follow them up.

Social Reform.

THE SOCIAL FARM.

CHAPTER I.

"Where's Brigadier Jacobs?" This was the query frequently heard around Headquarters lately, and quite as often the reply of Captain Bale, the statistician who figures, in two senses, at the doorway to the General Farm. In fact, "Where's Brigadier Jacobs?" and "At the Farm," was heard so often that the Brigadier had to mildly remind an individual on one occasion that he was "not always at the Farm."

If the reader gathers from the preceding paragraph that Brigadier Jacobs has devoted a considerable amount of time and attention to the interests of the Social Farm, he will be quite correct; the Brigadier has done so, and under the advice and help of the Commandant, who has spent four or five hours in studying and planning for the farm, has produced an excellent system on the most approved, up-to-date Army style in working order, and applied to the uplifting and permanent benefit of a hungry, hopeless lump of humanity—a blessed system, which comprehends the needs of body, mind and spirit, and caters for all.

The Social Farm is our second stage in the General's great plan for raising the submerged. It lies in this: You are an out-of-work. From some cause or other, no matter what, you have got down, down under the feet of the jostling crowd, every one of whom are absorbed in their own frantic fight to "make a living." Hungry, homeless, workless, careless, perchance almost despairing of life ever being ought but a weary slavery in the search for "work," your eyes light upon the Army Institution for men. "Work for all" is the motto of the Army, and you say, "I'll see if these people will do anything for me."

"Work? Yes, my friend," replies the Social Captain, "we will give you some work. Come into the wood-yard." You go to the wood-yard, you earn an honest penny like any other honest-working man, you feel your self the better for earning the right to a supper and bed at the Army Hotel opposite, and you raise your head an inch or two higher as you plank down your honest cents for your hot supper in the brightly-lighted Army dining hall.

Good so far, but you want something permanent, your present need has been met, but the future, ah, there's still the future, what of that? "Can these people help me to a permanency?" you query. The answer to that is, "The Social Farm."

Yes, the Social Farm is just the thing. You have become demoralized by your past environment. You need something which will take hold of you and be back-home to you through



The Homestead, on the New Farm.

every department of your being, till you are bright, hopeful, strong and vigorous once again. The Social Farm will do this for you. Thank God!

(To be continued.)

"An Incalculable Boon,"



JOE BEEF.

THE Montreal Daily Herald of recent date has some very commendable things to say of "Joe Beef's Converted," our Montreal Shelter for men. The Herald says a noble work is being done, and that our Institutions are an incalculable boon to the towns in which they are situated. In the column or so the Herald devotes to "Joe Beef," we are informed that "Joe Beef" was opened in July, '93, and for the year ending June 30, 1895, 13,815 beds have been occupied, 42,821 meals served, while 5,142 beds and 4,408 meals have been given free, partly on subscribers' tickets. The Labor Bureau in connection with the Institution has proved its utility by discovering employment for over 400 men.

A home for ex-prisoners is now suggested. "Surely," says the Herald in conclusion, "an Institution like this is deserving of support, and should have the thanks of every citizen." It is quite certain if they... counteract the evil influences of such low dives as 'French Mary's,' and kindred hot-beds of vice, some good at least has been attained.

A LIFEBOAT SPECIAL.

On Wednesday evening, January 15, we had with us Mrs. Major Road, assisted by Mrs. Adjutant Phillips and Captain Baldwin. There were in all

about sixty men present, who were delighted with the kind, straight words spoken and the good counsel given by Mrs. Road. One man who is a slave to drink said to me, after the meeting, "She seems to get right to the bottom of it." Another remarked, "He could listen to that all night."

Mrs. Phillips' address, accompanied by her autograph, took well. Capt. Baldwin said a few well-chosen words. Her visits to the Shelter meetings are always appreciated by the men. Although some pointed to God we had the pleasure of seeing the tears flowing their way down more than one brown cheek. God bless the sisters. Come again—H. W. Collier, Capt.

TORONTO LEAGUE OF MERCY.

An Incident.

"WHY, I thought you said you were going out last Saturday," said a League of Mercy worker to an Irishwoman in a cell at the Don prison.

"Sure, an' who's a better right to be here this mornin'," replied the Irish lady. "I was here before the matron."

"But you're been out?"—"Och, yes, to be sure, and didn't I make up me mind to touch silver a drop again, but when I got to the gate wan o' me friends thrated me to jist wan glass o' whiskey—only wan, mind—and the policeman declared O' me drunk, and run me in; thin the Colonel he believed the policeman rather than me, and sent me down again. Och, well," concluded the speaker, with a sigh of relief, "O'ma better here thin layin' around the street."

SOCIAL SHREDS.

Colonel Mitt has some splendid letters of grateful testimony as to the Farm Colony's usefulness from men who have passed through it to situations.

The General met the New Zealand Premier and the Cabinet members, when a large building was placed at our disposal for prisoners and the Rescue Work.

The Saxogod Shelter, in Copenhagen, Denmark, has proved such an immense success that an enlargement is necessary.

The municipal authorities of Christiania, Norway, have voted the sum of 1,500 kroner towards the Army Shelter and Labor Bureau.

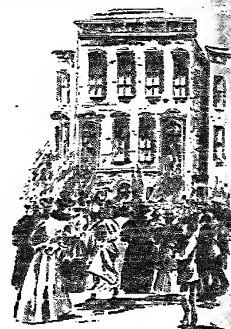
Xmas festivities at the Hadleigh Farm Colony were of an high order. Colonel Mitt put the whole place in good humor.

The anonymous note made at the free Xmas dinner to 1,000 of the poor people in Amsterdam by Colonel Ouphant, that a new Poor Man's Hotel would be opened in the Warmestraat (the Bull Street) was applauded vigorously.

A newspaper reporter on the "Saturday Review" went to the Blackfriars Shelter, "prepared to scoff, and came away an enthusiastic admirer," as he himself admits. The interview appears in the Review.

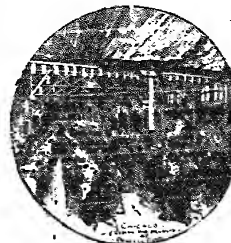
The Pacific Coast companies opened a splendid Receiving House at San Francisco on New Year's day. Cap-

tain Derry has been appointed matron. It will prove a real boon to the poor women in the city.



The dedication of the New Women's Shelter at Receiving House, San Francisco.

Miss Beatrice Cadbury, daughter of the famous Cocoa Manufacturer, obtained \$3 in her box last quarter by the sale of nick-nacks to the employees and servants.

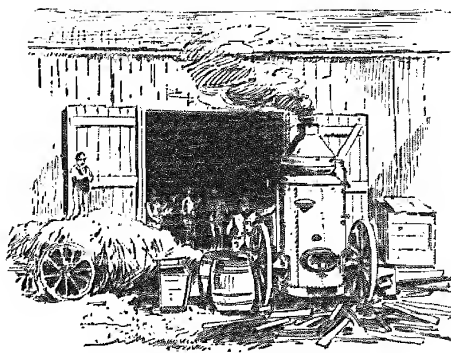


The officers in charge of the Faber's Bank, Chicago, gave a very substantial meal on Xmas day to hundreds of the poorest. The papers spoke very kindly of the Army's practical charity.

BRO. ALEX. McLEOD, G.M.B.L.A., EDINBURGH.



BROTHER McLEOD was born in the year 1836, June 7th, in the town of Walsford, County of Oxford, Eng. His parents were members of the Presbyterian Church, who taught their children to love God and respect the Sabbath day. Like most boys, Bro. McLeod would get into trouble on account of his sins. He left home at the age of twenty-one to seek his fortune. After travelling through the West for six years he landed in Edmonton, Alberta, sixteen years ago, and has been successful as a farmer ever since. When the Army opened its doors, Bro. McLeod could be seen in the hall listening to the Army leaders telling of a wonderful Saviour. Curious words he heard. He felt that he ought to get saved. For some months he held back, however. Three months ago he came to Jesus and found the Saviour could save him from a Scotsman like himself. Three months ago he was appointed Christian Before-First Box Agent for the colony, and by the way he is working well. Were he will be successful in the collection of money to carry on the work of God.



At the New Farm—Cutting Feed for the Cows.

THE Prov

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Bracebridge

WORD CAME of a farewell. So we were left for (Captain Young) just farewell a service. We reached it that at (where Captain's) could not tell. boys opened the a fire on.

It was a dread people came to three soldiers. I midnight train.

AT BRACEBRIDGE a few backside just enrolled two one into the Ser-

been cold of late zero last Sunday. CAPT. LACKEY up at Parry Bay.

Victory. CAPT. YOUNG who have just got port some the first

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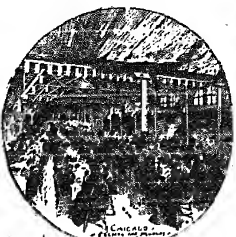
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tain Harry has been appointed master. It will prove a real boon to the poor women in the city.



The dedication of the New Women's Shelter and Receiving Home, Sea Franconia.

Miss Beatrice Cadbury, daughter of the famous Cocoa Manufacturer, obtained \$8 in her box last quarter by the sale of nick-nacks to the employes and servants.



The officers in charge of the Princess Rink, Chicago, gave a very substantial meal on Xmas day to hundreds of the poorest. The papers spoke very kindly of the Army's practical charity.

BRO. ALEX. McLEOD, O.B.M.B.I.A.,
EDMONTON.



BROTHER McLEOD was born in the year 1859, June 7th, in the town of Woodstock, County of Oxford, Ont. His parents were members of the Presbyterian Church, who taught their children to love God and respect the Sabbath day. Like most boys, Bro. McLeod would get into trouble on account of his sins. He left home at the age of twenty-one to seek his fortune. After travelling through the West for six years he landed in Edmonton, Alberta, sixteen years ago and has been successful as a farmer ever since. When the Army opened in 1894, Bro. McLeod could be seen in the hall listening to the Army leaders telling of a wonderful Saviour. God's victory smote his heart. He felt that he ought to get saved. For some months he held back, however. Thirteen months ago he came to Jesus. Bro. McLeod could save others and found the Saviour could save others. A Scotchman like himself. Thirteen months ago he was appointed General before the Box Agents for the Army and by the way he is working well and he will be successful in the collection of money to carry out the work of God.

THE PROVINCES.

Central Ont. Province.

Bracebridge District Jots.

WORD CAME for Captain Parker to farewell. So Wednesday night he and myself left for Gravenhurst, where Captain Young and Lieut. Rowe had just farewelled at their watch-night service. We reached the barracks and found it shut and no lights or fire. Where Captain and Lieutenant were I could not tell. Some of our unwarmed boys opened the door and soon got a fire on.

It was a dreadful night out, but 75 people came to meeting. I enrolled three soldiers. Left for home on the midnight train.

AT BRACEBRIDGE we are getting a few backsliders saved. We have just enrolled two Juniors and received one into the Senior roll. My, it has been cold of late! Twenty-five below zero last Sunday.

CAPT. LACEY AND WIFE are away up at Parry Sound. They are having victory souls are getting saved.

CAPT. YOUNG AND LIEUT. ROWE, who have just gone to Huntsville, report souls the first week.

GEO. L. ARKETT, D.O.

BRAMPTON.—During the last three weeks we have seen nine precious souls fall at the cross and surrender Arms. Among the number is one of the worst drunkards in the town. Most of them are taking their stand as soldiers.

WATERLOO.—Our first Sunday's fight in Waterloo is over. Very fair crowds. Comrades on fire. Prospects real bright. Ensign Green, with Brigade, will hold special revival meetings, commencing Thursday night. Capt. R. Huxtable.

OWEN SOUND.—Sunday we had a beautiful day. Commenced at knee-deep, and God crowned our efforts with four souls in the net. One Sunday night and on Monday night; one while out visiting. His blood can make the vilest clean—Capt. Pollard, for Ensign Green.

OPEN LETTER

To the Officers and Soldiers of the Central Ontario Province.

My Dear Comrades,—

Having received so many letters of love and sympathy from you, we take this opportunity of thanking you for the depth of our hearts for the hearty expressions towards us at this time. Although we were soldiers for THE WORLD'S SALVATION, yet we can assure you we feel the parting, as it was in this Province we were saved, heard the young men, and live as officers. Yet we thank our dear leaders for giving us the privilege of going to another climate for the benefit of our health.

Again we heartily thank you all. May God abundantly bless you and give you greater victories. You can rely on us being true to the flag.

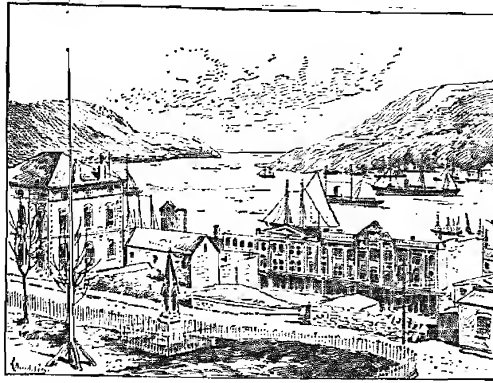
Affectionately yours,
ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE.

EAST ONT. PROVINCE.

PENTH.—Thank God, we are still holding our own and advancing a little. We have had another soul since last report. We have had a visit from Captain Sims, with the magic lantern. The people were delighted.—F. R. Dines, Caledon.

NAPANEE.—Just came here, and things are going ahead. Yesterday, Sunday, we had a magnificent time. Afternoon a regular boiling over time. Night a powerful meeting, packed to the doors. We landed one soul in the fountain, after which we had an Indian war dance. Three souls since coming here.—Consett.

PETERBORO.—The war chariot is still rolling along, glory to Jesus. God



A View of the Narrows and Harbor, St. John's, Newfoundland.

has blessed the meetings all week. Victory has been ours. Sergt.-Major Spence has returned, as full of life as ever. God bless you, Sergt.-Major, glad to have you back again. We got blessed in the holiness meeting, and at night we had three souls in the fountain.—May Lang.

WATERLOO, P. Q.—We are again able to report souls. One on Christmas day, and another on New Year's eve. May they prove faithful soldiers of the cross. Still our prayer is, more, more!—The two sisters.

MOIRSBURG.—On the last Sunday of the old year a brother who for some time has been cold in his soul and neglected his duty, came back to the fold. Last Friday night three brothers came out and gave themselves to God. They are getting along nicely. On Sunday night we had another soul. Mother Gillard gave us a fig. She said she used to know for the devil and she thought she could dance for the Lord. We have Dad Herriman, (one of our Yankee comrades) with us whom God has done a lot for.—One who was there.

KEMPTVILLE.—Last Friday night a young man made his way to the foot of the cross. He never was saved before, and is getting along splendid. We have had altogether, including backsliders, five souls since Christmas.—Annie Battagale, Captain.

TRENTON.—Capt. McKinnon and Lieut. Ollis have just taken hold here. Crowds, finances, and interest increasing. Sunday we had with us Captains Milson, Tovell and Beckstead; meetings good. On Monday we were rejoiced by Ensign Blackburn. The meeting was of a very original character. Everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy it. Tuesday afternoon a little council of war in the quarters, and at night a very profitable soldiers' meeting was conducted by him.—Beckie, for McKinnon and Ollis.

WESTERN PROVINCE.

WHEATON, N.D.—One man got so miserable on account of his sins he swore he would not come any more to the Army. He did, though, and got gloriously saved, and so did his wife a few nights after. Since last report there have been five out for salvation. Crowds are very good, collections are improving, and the people are very favorably impressed.—Lieut. H. Petch for Ensign Lee.

BRANDON, MAN.—Sunday was a day of victory. The afternoon meeting was led by Capt. Burns, Cook, and Hammond, who are leaving for the Training Home in a few days. At night they all spoke very fealigly. The outcome of the day's fight was three in the fountain. We take our comrades very much. Monday night we were reinforced by Capt. McGill, and had two more precious souls.—Annie Hurst, Captain.

PORT ARTHUR.—A great battle was fought here on Sunday evening, the 5th inst. For three long hours, desperate was the fighting, and although the "Black Flag" were reputed again and again, they returned

to the charge, and used up all the tactics they were capable of. Our soldiers were at last seen advancing under the yellow, red and blue, and completely routed the enemy. Result, three in the fountain. Great enthusiasm. In fact, this is a real letter day for the corps, as four stalwart recruits were enrolled with due solemnity at the afternoon meeting to fight the good fight.—Andrew Baxter.

MOOSOMIN, N. W. T.—Hello! I suppose you think we are dead. Well, not quite yet. We got a good victory during S.-D. Week. The devil of discouragement has been sick ever since. It is rumored that the S. A. is going to bedrive out of town, but we are not very uneasy about it. We enjoy the fight. Two souls last week.—Cadets Hockin and Mercer.

GRAND FORKS, N.D.—We now have a full hall nearly every night, and oh, how glad we are to see so many coming to the cross. Eight have been baptized this week. We had Major Bennett with us from Saturday to Monday.—J. M. Tracy, Cadet, for Ensign Gale, D.O.

MORDEN, MAN.—Farewell orders to hand, after spending exactly five months in Morden. Our figures have gone up, the roll increased, babies dedicated. H. F. target gone over, and S.-D. quadrupled over last year. We've increased in spirituality, too. My own experience is brighter, my peace deeper, my desires keener. I don't know where I am going, but one thing sure, God will be there. Hallelujah!—Ensign Bob Smith.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

VICTORIA, B.C.—Since last report five have sought salvation. The new year was welcomed in many different ways by our worthy fellow-citizens, but the Salvationists held a watch-meeting, led by Ensigns Patterson and Fitzpatrick. A big go has been announced for the near future. Major Friedrich is coming, bandmen and local officers are to be commissioned, the officers are coming in from all the corps of the division, and a wonderful time is expected.—Annie Bell, S.-C.

Not a "Hard Go."

MISSOULA, MONT.—Words of sympathy are continually being poured into our ears, and even the War Cry has Missoula down as a hard shop. Christmas eve found us on the street sixteen strong. The devil did not like it. The inside meeting was a Heave below. Nine recruits were sworn in under the cross, and there are more on the way. Our railroad comrades came in full of fire. Christmas day at 3.30 p.m. we formed a circle for a holiness meeting at the barracks, where the Lord met with us in power. Two souls found Christ. We were reinforced on Monday, the 20th, by Cadet Slater and our new new drum. We saw the Corps "ward" the train next day for Spokane. Our watch-service was a time of re-consecration to God and His service. As the train "rag" out the old and in the new, we knelt and in silence prayed that God would

use us in 1895 to bring many wanderers home. One precious soul was born into the kingdom. Fourteen of us had a grand New Year march at 1 a.m. Everyone seemed glad to see us. Even the bar-tenders were out on the sidewalk in their uniforms.—Lieut. Scott, for Captain Corlett.

For North Dakota ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE ARE BOUND.

They Tell the Editor a Thing or Two.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE, both looking bright and happy, showed up at the War Cry office for a few final words before boarding the cars for Bismarck, 1,400 miles from their last appointment.

Adjutant and Mrs. Ayre came in to the work five years ago, after six years of soldiering. The Adjutant got an excellent training in corps affairs those six years. He took the deepest interest in the War as carried on in his corps (Bismarck), "plunging his whole being" to use his own expressive sentence, into the fight, so that he was able to take charge of a corps straight away.

The Adjutant and his wife commanded three corps; then followed promotion to a District Officership, and finally the Adjutant became second man in the Central Ontario Province.

—**REFERRING** to his experiences in the Army, he had nothing to complain of with respect to any of those under whom he has served in the Lord, neither had he ever had to appeal to his D. O., or Headquarters, for a cent. "The War has kept us, and we have been happy, contented, satisfied, well clothed, and with plenty to eat."

From this phase of his career it will be seen that the Adjutant is a man of some sturdiness and energy of character.

—**HE AND MRS. AYRE** left Toronto in excellent spirits. They have full faith in God, their Territorial leaders, and the Army, and are certain of victory. The Adjutant also is full of hope that the change of climate will free him from the chronic asthma with which he is affected—the result of a boy's escapade.

THE ADJUTANT testifies to a spiritual experience almost without a cloud. Asked to what he attributed the power to keep out of the dumps and conquer all the time, he replied, "Putting the kingdom first." While he did not wish to speak in praise of himself, he could bear witness to working for God and our night and day, both as a soldier and an officer. His whole being was swallowed up in the work, so that it was a joy instead of being a burden or a hurt. Another reason for his happiness in his work was counting the cost before he took the step into officership. He did not jump without proper thought, so was thoroughly prepared when hardness came. Hard times had come, too, for the Adjutant, besides the ordinary ups and downs of officership has had sick spells and has lost his little boy since coming into the work.

BISMARCK, North Dakota, is to be the scene of his labors. It is new ground to the Army, and we may look for some lively happenings soon. The Adjutant has already been told not to be afraid if he sees a crowd of cowboys in his audience, armed with revolvers and bow-knives. God bless Adjutant and Mrs. Ayre, and let the War Cry readers say "Amen!" C.



Went with a bang—Down Week.

TO THE LADIES!

UNDERVESTS—35cts., 50cts., 75cts.
GLOVES—15cts., 20cts., 30cts.
HOSE—20cts., 30cts., 50cts.

HANDS DOWN, and give Our FIVE CAPS a chance at your ears.—\$2.00, \$3.25, \$4, \$5, \$5.50, \$6, \$6.50, and \$7.

WE SELL IT!

And a splendid lot it is too! You can get it at 30cts., 40cts., or 50cts. If you live in Toronto, drop Sergt. Langiera, S. A. Temple, a post card, and he'll bring you any style you want.

MENS' CARDIGAN JACKETS.—A genuine New Stock, extra heavy, superior quality—all wool. Will let them go to you at \$3.50, seeing you're not a bad sort.

Beautiful selection of mottoes now
in stock:

Shield (large)	13c
Shield (small)	10c
Shells	15c
Floral	10c
Fans	15c
Three-fold Screens	85c
"Christ is Lord," etc.	25c
Bibles for To-day	12c
General's Message (with photo) ..	15c
Mrs. (Gen.) Booth's dc. do.	10c

We mean our **HEAVY SERGES**, at
\$12.00, \$18.00, and \$18.50.
Send along your order.

WANTED

We would be glad if any officers, soldiers or friends can let us have spare copies of November and December "All the World."

Address, Trade Secretary, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

WANTED AT ONCE!

Copies of the Canadian Cry for Dec. 9th, 1893, and Nov. 21th, 1894.
Should any reader have these to spare we should esteem it a great kindness if they could let us have them.

**The Salvation Army International
Trade Headquarters.**

All Classes of GOODS Bought and Sold, Commissions undertaken; customers' interests carefully guarded; world-wide facilities; can command best prices. Quotations given for Goods, freight and duty paid to destination.

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THE YOUNG SOLDIER. PRINTED AND PUBLISHED by the Salvation Army, at their Printing House, 12 ABERT STREET, Toronto, Canada, and at—

the glorious work of Salvation among the children of Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America.

THIS CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST
WAR COPY news of the war, with original
articles by the General, and ad-

and soldiers. There is no more effective way to spread Christianity than by increasing the circulation of **THE WAR CRY**, which is directed not mainly to entertain and interest the devotion of the Army, but to arouse all who read it to a more understanding and energetic work upon the Kingdom of the Most High God. The **WAR CRY** therefore appeals to you to spread the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Signed with all U. S. authorities, by JOHN H. H. HARRIS, at the U. S. PRINTING HOUSE, 14 N. 2ND ST. ST. LOUIS.

MAJOR WILLIAM HALPIN who recently took over the editorship and management of the San Francisco Cry, has made a reputation for himself. His Christmas special, "The Ten cents, went with such a rage that the Major could not fill the orders he received by fully 8,000 copies. Not only that, but the Cry netted a good profit for the Army funds. One of the covers had a fine colored lithograph of Commander Ballington Booth. In response to a suggestion from this office, the Major stated that he hopes to produce a companion picture of Mrs. Booth at a later date.

THE MAJOR AND HIS WIFE are a

He had a Christian training, and was brought up with great care, according to the Church of England method, which, void of spiritual life as it is, sometimes, has supplied for after days a splendid substratum of truth for the Holy Spirit's use in and through the possessors of it, as many

The Major is passionately fond of music, and became a proficient musician before he saw the Army or the Army Captain whose amateur corruptions he could not but ridicule; however, his fellow-bandman got saved, and he, finding his charms joining the Army, went that way too, and was soon happy in the knowledge of salvation.

There was a very mean crowd of toughs there, who frequently mobbed



the Army. On one occasion the authorities had to read the riot act. In this environment his six months' soldiering was spent.

He entered the British Training Home in '80, and got orders for U. S. A. after some successful field work. His first corps on the continent was New York I. (the "Hayloft"), then Augusta, Me.

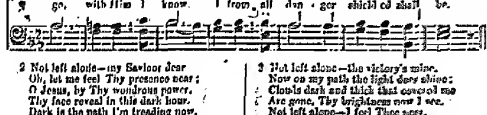
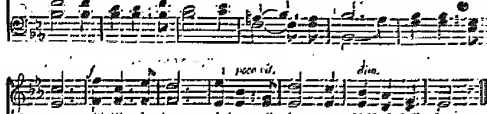
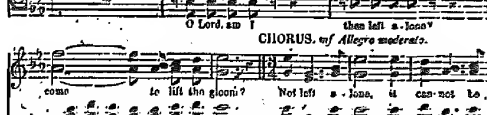
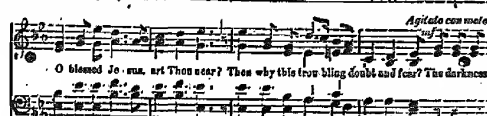
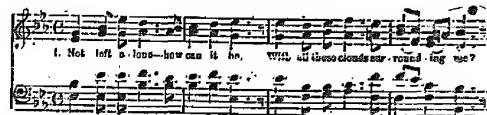
Augusta, Me.

MRS. HALPIN comes from Hartlepool, England. She was brought up so good she did not feel herself a sinner till she listened to the testimony of some soldiers at a G. A. open-air



meeting. Mrs. Halpin was one among 30 penitents at the close of a meeting the General led in '77. It doth not appear whether Lotie France was transferred to the American field

A CALIFORNIAN SONG.



NOT DEAD YET!
BY A LONG CHAIN.

TOGETHER they have fought for God, as Captains at the Bowery, N.Y., Asbury Park, N.J., Taunton, Mass., Scranton, Pa. Then, promoted, they went to assist in Northern Ohio District: then took charge of Southern

Ohio and Kentucky, and Central California and the North Pacific Division, and Pennsylvania, and lastly, in October, '95, the editing of the San Francisco Cry fell to their hands.

The Major may thank his affection of the throat, which stopped his platform work, for procuring him his present position; certainly he never occupied a more important one. Success still greater to him and his war-swept wife.

I think there are some little Hn-
plins, but we will leave the Young Sol-
dier to tell about them. C.

"The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out its vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive but will aggravate the evil. No; there must be no more attempts to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated. Not a root must be left behind; for, until this is done, all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink."—Abraham Lincoln.

[illegible]

gathered into the husk over J.E.C.
The corps to-day shows unmistak-
able signs of life. It is small in num-
ber, but fervent in spirit. Mayor
Laddlaw is at the present time War
Cry salesman, and our mother is train-
ing her two boys to be "baked and
fired," not "milk and water," soldiers
a work in which their Father helps.

J. E. C.

SALVATION SONGS.

FREE-AND-EASY DITTIES.

Tune—"Sweet Marie."

1 I am listening for Thy voice,
Saviour dear,
I would make Thy cross my choice,
Saviour dear,
While I consecrate to Thee
All I have or hope to be,
Oh I reveal Thyself to me,
Saviour dear,
I would see Thy blessed face,
Saviour dear,
I would rest in Thy embrace,
Saviour dear,
I would lose myself in Thee,
Evermore Thy captive be,
To be Thine eternally,
Saviour dear.

Chorus.

Speak to me tenderly,
Tenderly, speak to me,
With Thy gentle, loving voice
Speak to me.
Saviour, hear me while I pray,
Comfort, strengthen me to-day,
Only speak and I'll obey,
Speak to me.

Thou art speaking now to me,
Saviour dear,
And Thy smiling face I see,
Saviour dear,
Oh, what rapture fills my soul,
As o'er me the billows roll,
I am every whit made whole,
Saviour dear,
Now I've power to do Thy will,
Saviour dear,
Thou dost with Thy presence fill,
Saviour dear,
I will bring the lost to Thee,
Thou hast died so set them free,
Suffered death on Calvary,
Saviour dear.
—Captain Evans, Sacramento.

Tune—"The Maple Leaf forever."

2 Some years ago a blood-washed man
Filled with power and liberty,
Went forth to preach to dying souls
The tale of Calvary.
God owned his work, and gave him
And blessed his brave endeavor,
To-day he waves a flag we love,
The Army Flag forever!

Chorus.

The Army Flag is waving still,
We'll lower it never! never!
Till all the world is won, we'll wave
The Army Flag forever!

At times the clouds were thick and
dark,
And Satan with his forces came
And tried to shake his courage, but
He stood in Jesus' name;
And God, whose help he sought each
hour,
Has failed him never, never,
So still he's fighting bravely 'neath
The Army Flag forever!

The war goes on and souls are won
By God's great host of blood-washed
men,
Who by His might shall put to flight
The power of death and sin.
And when in Heaven, around the
throne
We'll come our praises never,
That by God's grace we loved to sing
The Army Flag forever!

—Katie Allen, Kingston.

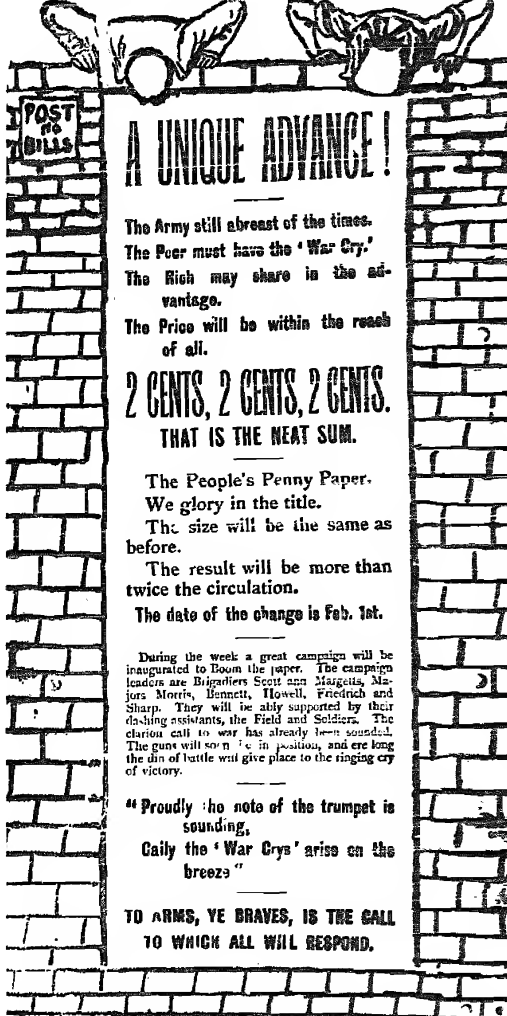
CLEAN-HEART SONGS.

Tunes—"Anything for Jesus," B.B. 78,
or "Oswald, Christian soldier,"
B.B. 85.

3 Jesus, loving Saviour, more of
Thee I need,
Hear me while I'm praying, for more
love I plead;
Love for precious dying souls who are
far in sin,
Jesus, come and fill me, help me souls
to win.

Chorus.

Anything for Jesus.



A UNIQUE ADVANCE!

The Army still abreast of the times.
The Poor must have the 'War Cry.'
The Rich may share in the ad-
vantage.
The Price will be within the reach
of all.

2 CENTS, 2 CENTS, 2 CENTS.
THAT IS THE NEAT SUM.

The People's Penny Paper.
We glory in the title.
The size will be the same as
before.
The result will be more than
twice the circulation.
The date of the change is Feb. 1st.

During the week a great campaign will be
inaugurated to boom the paper. The campaign
leaders are Brigadier Scott and Major, Majors
Morris, Bennett, Howell, Friedrich and
Sharp. They will be ably supported by their
dashing assistants, the Field and Soldiers. The
clarion call to war has already been sounded.
The guns will soon be in position, and ere long
the din of battle will give place to the ringing cry
of victory.

"Proudly the note of the trumpet is
sounding,
Daily the 'War Cry' arises on the
breeze"

**TO ARMS, YE BRAVES, IS THE CALL
TO WHICH ALL WILL RESPOND.**

Jesus, loving Saviour, fit me for the
fight,
May I only live for Thee, walking in
the light;
Teach me, Lord, to trust Thee when
the way is dark,
Ever pressing onward to the heavenly
mark.

Only in thy service, Lord, I want to
be,
All my time and talents to be spent
for Thee;
Every need Thou wilt supply while I
trust in Thee,
Where I'll be most useful, there I
want to be.

—May Lang, Peterboro.

Tunes—"Little sweetheart, come and
kiss me," "Just before the bat-
tle, mother" (Sweetest moments),
B.B. 157, or "Meet me at the foun-
tain," B.B. 18.

(A song that has been used much in
leading souls into a full salvation.)

4 Art thou willing I should save
thee,
Save thee from thy every sin?
Art thou willing I should help thee,
Dwelling constantly within?
Art thou willing to surrender
All that now lies dear to thee?
If so, tell me, and I'll cleanse thee,
Though thy sins as scarlet be.

Chorus.
Yes, I'm willing, I am willing,
Jesus, to be wholly Thine;
Every sin and every idol
I do gladly leave behind.

Art thou willing to be holy,
Willing now to give up sin,
Willing to be used, if needed,
Willing to be taught at all?
Willing not to be exalted,
Choosing rather to be low?
If so, tell me, and I'll cleanse thee
Whiter than the driven snow.

Art thou willing now to trust Me,
Trust Me in the darkest hour,
Trust when all seems set against
thee?
Ask, and I will give thee power.
Wilt thou trust when strength shall
fail thee?
Trust, when age shall bow thy
frame?
For I've promised never to leave thee.
I am Jesus just the same.

FOR SINNERS ONLY.

Tunes—"Calcutta," B.B. 29; "Hark,
the voice of Jesus calling," B. J.
31, or "Halleluiah, oh, Thou great
Jehovah," B.J. 121.

5 Day of judgment! Day of wonders!
Hark, the trumpet's awful
sound,

Louder than a thousand thunders
Shakes the vast creation round;
How the summons will the sinner's
heart confound!

See the Judge, our nature seeing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Ye who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day
for Thine!

At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, What wilt thou be
come of thee?

Tune—"Roll on, dark stream," B. J.
31, or "Oh Calvary," B.J. 26.

6 The great Archangel's trumpet shall
speak,
While twice ten thousand thunders
roar,
Tear up the graves, and cleave the
ground,
And make the greedy sea retire.

Chorus.

"Roll on, dark stream," etc.

The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain retain,
Sinners shall lift their guilty head
And shrink to see a yawning pit.

But ye, who now our Lord adore,
And faithful to the end persevere,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteous
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE!

A Newfoundland Officer and His Sergt-Maj
Spend a Fearful Time between Life and
Death, but They were Ready to Die!

SCENE I.

Get word from the Enemy to be
at Little Bay on Thursday, so Sergt-
Major and I got a boat from Mr.
Lock and started. The wind was
blowing very hard, but we had a line
towed until we got to Hall's Bay Head.
The wind kept increasing, and by the
time it was blowing a hurricane we
had no ballast in our boat, so we
thought we would go into the Fals
and get some. Before we got there
a small canoe of two men and a
boat.

SCENE II.

We got on her side. There was a
house not far away, but the people
did not see us. We "made ashore,"
but no one came to our help. By the
time things belonging to the boat
were drifting away. We thought it
was time to try and save them, so we
all we could get and tied them to the
boat. Then we got to work to get
the masts out of the boat. When
they came out the canoe sprang, and
we managed to get into her.

SCENE III.

But she was full of water. We got
to work and tried to get her to shore,
but we failed to do so. We were wet
and cold that we could not sit
much, so we gave up. We were
saved and not afraid to die. We had
courage and got the car up for a
mast, and I got up a little sail. The
Sergt-Major said the waves were
rolling in on one side and out on the
other. After a long time we got to
land, about three miles distant.

SCENE IV.

Then we got our boat in the gulf.
We had to face a hard cut, but we
had to get up or stay there and die.
We started, and I got up all right,
but when the Sergt-Major was taken
by up he looked down, and the boat
got afraid. He was just about to
when I let myself down a little way
with one hand and lowered my feet.
The Sergt-Major caught it, and I
pulled him up.

SCENE V.

We had to walk quite a way before
we got to any house. We got to the
light, to our old friend, Sergeant
Young's. They were very kind to us,
but they could not understand us,
so we went through it. Next day we
walked to Little Bay, and there
there they slept. We got back to
Pillory's Island about 9.30 o'clock on
Saturday night, well in our shoes and
very tired.

CAPT. O'NEILL.